Whims of the Idler

Busily Doing Nothing in Peaceful Spotsylvania

Lewiston, Va., July 25th.

Dear Editor:

News reaches this place that old man Bill Thompson, the millionaire Mayor of Kalamazoo, Mich. has got his two boys working as street-pavers in his town, and that he says he wants the youngsters to earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. This is magnificent, but it is not our way up in Spotsylvania.

The Thompson boys can work as much, sweat as much and eat as much bread as they darn please, but we do takings differently at this point of the compass.

If you were to say "work" to a man up here, he would reply that he doesn't speak foreign languages, but that, out of courtesy to you, a stranger, he will look into his encyclopacida to see what the word means.

No adding dear, life is too serious up the different and the company of the servent of the survey while her husband figures merely as a parlor or hall ornament.

This state of affairs, it appears, has been brought about by the "servant to the company of the company of

into his encyclopaedia to see what the word means.

No, editor, dear, life is too serious up here for work, and this foul custom has yet to be introduced in Spotsylvania. Although the hens have to scratch for a living, they do it on mighty soft ground, and despite the fact that the barnyard roseter, who is a bird of some classical knowledge, frequently says "Lay on, Macduff" to the representatives of the cacking sex, no pullet as yet has been induced to deposit more than one egg a day in her nest.

This niggardliness on the part of the hens much astonishes the children, whose whole time is absorbed in the novel occupation of hunting eggs. They see no reason why every self-respecting pullet should not make an oval deposit at least once every hour, and have never quite understood why the roosters are altogether exempt from this social duty.

That it affords great relief to lay an egg is musically demonstrated in this place every fifteen minutes or so by the Joilification which takes place when a hen parts with her "fruit." Forthwith the

joilification which takes place when a hen parts with her "fruit." Forthwith the frivolous critter confidentially tells some female friend about the incident, and ff-

them, in which the heroine takes the eau-ing soprano part, while other pullets with expectations, sing alto. The roosters, of course, are the basso profundes and both "before and after" they are exceed-ingly active in telling the hens how it

money.

Minute Chats With Great Men WILLIAM H. TAFT.

"Now, I lead the most humdrum ex-istence," said Scoretary of War William H. Tart, "and I really cannot think of one interesting thing about me," "Mercy!" I oried, in astonishment, "do

one interesting time about me.
"Mercy,!" I oried, in astonishment, "do
you never do anything?"
"Do I never do anything?" he scornfully demanded, pointing dramatically to
a huge pile of papers on his desk. "What
do you call that?"
"That is all done by the official Mr.
Tati. Isn't there any other?"
Secretary Tat leaned back, and appeared to give the matter careful, even
judicial, consideration.
"There is a big, fat follow they call
"Big Bill Taft," who is trying, so they
say, to roduce his weight, and who really
does try and find time occasionally for
riding and reading. But he doesn't do
anything at all interesting. Even he is
always in a hurry, and rushing about,
wedging himself in between the demands
of his official ego till he has no time to
be interesting."
"Well and during this interespan

ment. This state of affairs, it appears, has been brought about by the "seryant problem," which compels the matron to take to the kitchen, while her lord and master sits on the front porch, fights flies and prophesics about the weather. There is so much weather and so many flies that the menfolks, necessarily, are kept very busy, and as their cocupations give them good appetites, the kitchen end of the establishment never gets a day off. of his official ego till he has no time to be interesting."

"Well, and during this interregnum, has he any hobbies, or the like, which might be twisted into a semblance of interest for the public at large?"

"Oh! it is the official Mr. Taft who has the hobby. It is the Philippines. Let's see about this other fellow.

"For one thing, he is very fond of riding. He has a fine horse, a big one, as it would have to be to carry him, and he canters around the country sometimes."

"That ought to help," he said, reflec-vely. "I'll go riding this very after-

"That ought to help," he said, reflectively. "I'll go riding this very afternoon.
"I'd like to read, if I could ever get out of this terrible rush, but I don't do much of it any more.
"Oh. I had almost forgotten. I have one hobby: a real one, that I talk about a lot, and in every way it qualifies under the head of a genuine hobby. It is Murray Bay, where I go every summer.
"That's a great place for fun. It is in Canada, about eighty miles north of Quebec'—and in a twinkling the last valige of the official Ar. Taft had diappeared. He they call "Big Bill" was reveiling in anticipatory dreams of his hobby, a two months' outing at this Canadian paradise.

"Oh, such a place for good times," proceeded Br. Taft. "Justice Harlan and myself go up there every summer. They have splendid golt links there, and whave exciting matches; we go on planishing parties, and sometimes we fish."
"Do you like to fish, and isn't that a great sport in Canada?"
"One at a time, young woman; one at a time. I don't eare much about fishing myself. I'd rather play golf than to fish, though I believe they do bite pretty well along the St. Lawrence sometimes "Somebody is always getting up a fishing expedition; getting into old clothes." "Somebody is always getting up a fishing expedition; getting into old clothes and tramping off, to the woods with a creel over one shoulder, and swinging a pall of worms, but I always was more attracted by the slant of the sun over a hill on the links than the dancing rays on the water, so I shouldered my clubs and went the other way."

"I believe golf is a hobby of yours, too."

"I shouldn't be at all surprised. 1: sectionly a great sport," he answered.

shouldn't be at all surprised. It is "I shouldn't be at all subjects of the certainly a great sport," he answered.
"You know Jufflog Harlan is accred the with a fondises for following the unruly little ball, but I am told he doesn't like it referred to as a 'hobby,' " I said. "Oh, doesn't he? Well, now, that just goes to show that no judge should be allowed to sit on his own case."
"Is Murray Bay an old hount of yours, or it it a more recent discovery?" I asked.

"Oh, I have been going there every sum

ed.

"Oh, I have been going there every summer for years. I haven't missed a summer up there, except when I was in the Phillippines."

At the mention of the Phillippines, back came the official Mr. Taft, struggling to look indiciously through the genial countenance of "Big Bill," and, turning the pile of papers over, wearly:

"I hadn't realized before how hard I work till I am face to face with the fact that I have not thue for hobbles."

"Well, you'll soon, be up in Murray Bay, with the golf links, which, I still believe, is a real hobby, and you can develop some."

"I think I must have had some in the past, but I have forgotten what they were, and, save for the official Mr. "Laft and his Phillippines, I lead a very hobbyless existence.

out of the ordinary.
"This is about the way it runs, this account of my doings; 'Rise in the morning and come to work. Then work all day and at night go home tired, too tired to even read, and go to bed."
"Well, I hope the rejuvenating atmostics." Well, I hope the rejuvenating atmostics." All the statements are all the statements atmostics. The statement is a superior of the statement of the st

phere of Murray Bay will at least give you a breathing spell, and do, please, got a hobby," I said. RUTH HALE.

German at Lawrenceville.

shoat for one year? subscription to our paper. Flease answer quickly, as he shoat is now in the room with my hildren.

HISTORY THE STATE OF THE STAT

MarazRhoads

A Store Full of Good Things To-Morrow

Our Mid-Summer Inventory is Over.

Down Come Prices on Desirable and Seasonable Merchandise.

Our semi-annual house-cleaning always brings to light some odds and ends that have accumulated during the past six months.

This morning's news deals with a few of these articles, and also takes note of merchandise that has only been in the house a few weeks, but which must go out at once with the passing of mid-season.

Hundreds of equally as good values in the store that are not advertised. The price-mark on the goods tells its own story.

Women's Suits.

Quite a collection of high-grade Novelty Suits, in Panama, Chiffon Panama, Venetian, Plaids, and Light and Dark Mohairs, suitable for dress and traveling purposes.

Full line of sizes in the assortment. The colors are black, lavender, light blue, black and white checks and plaids, old rose and reseda green.

The early season's prices ranged from \$13.50 to \$65.00.

To-Morrow's Prices,

\$7.75 to \$37.50

WASH SUITS in Linen, Repp, White Cambric, Madras, Duck and Gingham. Various styles and colors. All this season's

Made and finished in the best manner. Early season's prices up to \$10

and \$15, now

\$3.98 and \$4.85

SHIRT WAIST SUITS of Figured Lawn and White Dotted Swiss, beautifully trimmed with lace and embroidery. Values up to \$3.98.

Women's Skirts.

PANAMA, CHIFFON PANAMA. HOMESPUN and Accordion Plaited SERGES in dark blue, brown, and white with black stripes and checks.

Large assortment in various styles. Were \$4.98 each, now

\$3.98

Remnants of Floor Coverings

CARPET REMNANTS, 1 1-2 yards long, in Wilton, Brussels and Axminster. Original prices \$2 and \$2.50 per yard, now

\$1 each.

Matting Remnants, 30c and 35c qualities.

15c yard.

Brussels Hassocks, all colors, 40c quality,

25c each.

Chinaware.

Dinner Sets of Austrian China, 102 pieces, lecorated and gold traced, were \$18, now

\$10.98 each.

of fine imported china; decorated and gold traced; sample goods-one and two of a kind; \$1 and \$1.25 values, now

75 cents.

Glass Pitchers.

Fine Lead-Blown Etched Pitchers, assorted

59c each

turquoise, Nile, lavender, champagne and pink; were 89c yard, now

Foulards, 28 inches wide, in shower dots and small designs, were 75c yard, now

49c a yard.

75c a Yard.

in Black and Colors.

wool, 44 inches wide. Was \$1 yard, now

Black Perola Cloth, 42 inches wide, pure silk and wool, regular \$2.50 value, 98c yard. SHADOW CHECK VOILE reduced from \$1.25 to 98c yard.

CHECKED MOHAIRS reduced from \$1 per yard to 69c.

\$1.50 per yard to 69c.

Wash Goods.

12 1-20 Organdies, 9 1-2c yard.

50c Embroidered Linen, 25c yard.

25c Eddy Silk, 15c yard.

39c Linen Voiles, 21c yard. 12 1-2c Batiste now 6 1-4c yard.

12 1-2c Voiles now 8 1-8c yard.

Table Damask.

ized Damask, 64 inches wide-same quality that usually retails at 50c. Our price,

39c a yard.

Huck Towels.

Good heavy quality, all white or red bor-

122C

600 Sheets of the best quality made are now offered at less than, the price of ordinary values.

81x90 inches, worth 85c, for 65c. 90x90 inches, worth 95c, for 75c.

STRIPED MADRAS, 3 yards long. full width, fringed ends; \$2.50 and \$3 values, now

Irish Point Curtains, 3 1-2 yards long, full width, \$7.50 quality, for \$4.50 pair.

Ruffled Net Curtains, wide lace edge and

Infants' and Children's Furnishings.

INFANTS' SLIPS of good Nainsook. Lawn yoke of fine quality, shirred and finished with Swiss embroidery; neck and sleeves trimmed with embroidery. Were

50c

Gingham Dresses for Children up to three

IQc

Linea Reefers, natural color; round collar

trimmed in white embroidery; regular \$1.25

75c

back, with belt, trimmed in white braid and **31.00**

Linen Coats, three-quarter length, full

Night Gowns.

Good long cloth. Yokes of hemstitched

V-neck, trimmed with Swiss embroidery;

75 cents

Corsets.

Long and short hips, regular \$1 goods, now

Batiste and Coutil Corsets, in long and round hips, values up to \$8.50, for 98c.

Bed Spreads.

White Spreads, 72x84 inches, \$1 quality,

89c

\$4.50

"The Lady Evelyn, A New \$1.08 Book for

Max Pemberton has written many good books, but his masterpiece, without question, is his latest book, "THE LADY

EVELYN." Twenty-five years ago "The Romany Rye" took the book world by storm by its delinea-

tion of gypsy life. In "The Lady Evelyn," Mr. Pemberton has far surpassed any previous effort of this kind.

The book is in the regular \$1.08 edition, and together with "A ROCK IN THE BALTIC" and "THE MAN BE-TWEEN" is on sale exclusively at our

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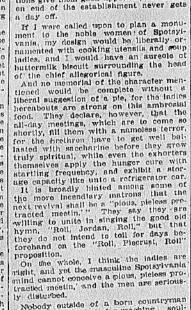
A few Creton SCARFS and CENTRE PIECES. Were 79c and 89c, reduced to 25c and 50c.

Beautiful designs in white, special value,

"Going away" articles, such as Sewing Bugs, Needle Cases, Shoo Bags and Porch Bage, at very low prices.

Sale. \$219.00 On easy terms. Stool and scarf free. Stieff's

One of the Big Piano Values 3 Removal



a day off.

female friend about the incident, and fifteen seconds later, when the secret has become common property, the whole premises are resonant with the joyous tidings. I do not believe that the most tidings. I do not believe that the most reserved pullet could keep it dark half an hour to save her life, and even if she could, the reaction would be terrible, for the news is habitually communicated through the medium of a choral society, which comes about as near working as anything in the county.

Were I a punster—the which may the gods forefend!—I would say that the hons sing a giad lay, but such, as a matter of fact, is not the case. Their medium of communication is through a sort of anthem, in which the heroine takes the leading soprano part, while other pullets with we received.

should be done.
No rooster, of course, can become an

No rooster, of course, can become an active or even a contributing member of the hens' union, but as walking delegates and explanatory advisers they are exceedingly energetic, it not elequent. To city people who have been reading the newspaper articles about canned meat and other impure foods, it is very pleasant to witness the operations of a rural egg plant and to have the eggs verified by the affidavit of the parties personally interested. It is soothing, too, to know that the hens take so much pride in their work, and that they have no sinister motives in the shell game-they practice.

Although Lewiston hopes some day to be the chief metropolis of the masis-terial district in which it is located, and although its cultured inhabitants to-day

actial district in which it is located, and although its cultured inhabitants to-day are better posted on the batting averages of the Richmond ball team than the Richmonders themselves, it cannot be said that the hum of industry disturbs this place. In fact, there is not much hum and not much industry of any sort up here when one excepts the humble bees, for, if the truth must be known, Lewiston is not so much a city as a town, and not so much a town as a village. Then, too, it is not so much a village as a hamlet, and not so much a hamlet as it is downright plain country.

In short, it is much flercer looking in a "Postoffice Guide!" than it is in actual reality, for it has but four or five habitations and a store, and before you get through admiring its whitewashed fonces, the wriggling red clay rond whisks, you off into a thoroughfare girded by wormbood rails and fringed with tasseled corn.

But if the village does not hum, it

now are counts, whose red breasts just now are considerably befragaled and faded, as they are detained a considerable while every day in their nurseries. The meadow larks and the partridges also manage large and interesting families at this season, but they nevertheless become most loquacious at eventide. These wild things, however, usually keep at a respectful distance from houses, for, like human beings, they distrust people. Occasionally a woodpecker files into our yard and tries to reduce the trees to sawdust by his resounding whacks. These birds surely do have to toil for a living. They do as much headwork as a newspaper man, and get

tracted meetin, and the men are seriously disturbed.

Nobody outside of a born countryman can appreciate the far-reaching, sould satisfying, stomuch-filling importance of these August all-day meetings, which appeal to white and black allide, and furnish worldly as well as spiritual food for hours of thought and conversation.

For weeks after the revivals the whole countryside gasps, or figuratively speaking, takes paregorie, while larders yawn with hopkless emptiness and bereaved poultry mourn the loss of loved ones, who have died a martyr's death.

If anything intends, happening in the country it holds back and "busts lose" at protracted meetin. It is then, too that the weather is hottest, the files the fiercest, the mosquitoes the vilest and mankind the happiest—mankind, mind you, as opposed to womankind, for on the latter fall many a wearlsome burden. The preparation of the spiritual "bullast," which sometimes has to be trausported formilles, in yelpicles, is far from being an easy task, however giorious may be the final outlay.

Ms gracious hostess, who is the crowned empress of pie-artificers, informs me that at the last all-day meating her provisions met with a blood-curding secident, which to this day cannot be recalled without tears. During the services an unregenerate hound dog got into her carriage dand gorged to the muzzle on her celestial ples, cakes and pastries. When the brute finally pulled down his vost and wiped off his chin, he felt that he owned the earth and could mop up the sod with anything navignting on four legs, incidentally, the builging hound strolled into church, where he found another dog that was devoutly attending services, as is the custom of many rural flea-repositories.

ries.

The animal with the ple in his midst tackled the animal without the ple in his midst, and what followed looked like judgment day. The ruction broke up the church, and not until the dogs had been clubbed into insensibility could worship be resumed.

be resumed.

Over in Louisa, which is the next-door neighbor of Spotsylvania, and which, according to the denizens of the latter county, is the scene of everything laughable, a yellow-jacket got down the parson's collar while he was discoursing, and caused him to refer to helifier so often that he almost singed the brethren's whiskers.

whiskers.

But perhaps these things are not sufficiently thrilling for the dwellers in cities, though this chronicler confesses, that once in the country he becomes a Rube from Rubeville, and could laugh at Joe Miller's "Jest Book."

I wish you were here, editor, dear, for the country looks deliciously green, and the folks would like to hear you spout politics. A man down the road a little the folks would have to hear you spout politics. A man down the road a little piece wants to know if you will accept a shoat for one year's subscription to your paper. Please answer quickly, as the shoat is now in the room with my sublides.

Mrs. Leslie Blair is spending the week in Richmond.
Mrs. F. H. McCiulre, her daughter, Miss Susia McCulre, and Misses Bertie and Margaret Noiting, left this week for an extended trip abroad.
Mr. Otto Noiting is attending the Orange Horse Show.
A very fine four-year-old thoroughbred coit belonging to Dr. McCulloch broke its leg last week while racing around the yard. The fracture was so bad that he had to be shot.
The Riverside Library has recently had 1,600 volumes of hooks, sent it by a fibrary in Cincinnati, Some of these will be given to the library at Buckingham Courthouse.

Salad Bowls, Cake Plates and Celery Trays,

19c a yard.

Embroidered Pongee, reduced from \$1 to

Dress. Goods

BLACK EOLIENNE, pure silk and

NOVELTY VOILES reduced from

39c Silk Novelties now 10c. 25c Check Suiting, 12 1-2c yard.

Five new patterns of German Mercer-

Sheets.

Curtains.

98c Pair

Irish Point Curtains, 3 1-2 yards long, full width, \$4 value, now \$2.50 pair.

Lacet Curtains, 3 1-3 yards long, \$5 quality, for \$2.75 pair.

insertion, \$3 quality, for \$1.50 pair,

Empire Scarfs, Shams and Table Covers to